

KRS-ONE

"ADVENTURES
IN
EMCEEIN"

CONTAINS
20
NEW
TRACKS



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

KRS-One Lyrics

"Our Soldiers"

(feat. Cx)

Yo KRS it's time to make a statement up in here
Let everybody know what's really goin on in America
Behind closed doors of this Bush Administration
There's a war goin on
Which side you on?
Which side you represent, huh?
Yeah!

Yeah! To all the families
That got somebody overseas
In that bullshit war
That's what we tellin

Yeah what'chu know about real war when it's happening?
Who you care for, who your heart, think about your friend
Fightin with Iraq and them, rebel forces trackin him
Bombs in the front, underneath, and in back of them
While we chillin in that Escalade, they dodgin rocket propelled grenades
So what you ace of spades
What about the promises that were made?
No one in America feels any safer, in fact we feel betrayed
Over 200 families played
With an American flag and a letter that says your child got sprayed
In the sands of Iraq, forget the economy
Mr. President, when my kid comin back?
When my spouse comin back? Four million people out of work
Sayin right now when my house comin back?
Now we can see that to be all you can be
Man invadin Iraq and dodgin RPG's!

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
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What's the cause, what's the point, what's the agenda?
WMD's, Iraqi freedom, I don't remember
Politics is one thing, lives are another
People seperated from they wives and they mothers
Fathers and brothers, leavin their families and others
Safe under the cover they're position first gunner
Hard times, demand even harder rhymes

You can't be stallin pimpin and ballin all the time!
I speak about MORE than crime
I rhyme to the spirit, to them people with "Spiritual Minds"
But I hope you get the lyric in time
You just went to get a degree, now you behind enemy lines
But yo, everything is gonna be fine
You'll be home in no time and you'll remember this rhyme
Most of them soldiers in Iraq my friends
I ain't checkin for the war, but I'm checkin for them

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

You ain't gotta feel, when you pop that steel
Return fire comin in and things gettin real
From Desert Shield, to Operation Iron Grip
Americans will not forget that {ish}
While I spit another hit, over them news clips, every day
Yo Bush, how you become President anyway?!
Buyin off judges, exposin Clinton's lovers
Riggin elections, underminin all these others
It's time to uncover, the real plot
We need to build our own nation, and call it hip-hop
Yeah! Release the fear
The real hip-hop is over HERE!

"Speak the truth to 'em" [3x]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Money"

(feat. MC Lyte)

[MM Lyte:]

Money - M-o-n-e-y

(Money!)

Money - M-o-n-e-y

(Money!)

[KRS-One:]

M-o-n-e-y, what you need to just get by

Money, honey, ain't it funny?

Money, people wanna die

It seems without money, people cry, people will lie

You cannot deny, without money you can't apply

For anything that catches your eye, I wonder why

The root of all evil, let me teach you, now who am I?

The MC, teachin' my people "Don't live that lie"

You got to get money, but don't let money get you, guy

I can break it down like whatever you want

Whatever you spend your money on strong, yo that's what you flaunt

Spend your money on these honeys, yo if that's what you want

Spend your money on attorneys if you're goin' to court

If I look around your neck I can see what you bought

What, you think you get respect? No, you takin' a short

Yo, you need the money, of course, you need it to live

(Yo, what you put your money on, Kris?) Yo, right on my kids

[MC Lyte:]

M-o-n-e-y, don't ask why. It IS the root of all evil

Though very necessary to your livelihood

It's all good when you got enough

Til enough ain't enough and you hit upon rough times

You make your money and I'll make mine

(Yo, we need the...) (Money!)

[KRS-One:]

Don't get me wrong, mistakin' this song

Like money is not important - yes, it is, just be strong

It's the reason for the thievin' and that war goin'on

It's the reason that you seein' all these girls in their thong

It's the reason that the radio's on

It's the reason that you believe if you gotta work from sun-up 'til dawn

It's the cravings that connect you to that money you makin'

Your desire is the fire got you feelin' you slavin'

(Free yourself!) Money doesn't make you the man

(Be yourself!) A man gets his money in credit[?]

Ok, I'm a get this money, really, all day
But not to the point where I'm goin' the wrong way
I'm a put my money down on rides and all that
Hook up the house so me and my spouse can fall back
Investing my knowledge way beyond college
Write books and fly hooks in my cottage

Cheese - Kris bling-blingin'? Yo, please!
Money is an energy that gets what I need
I can understand them cats that rap flossin' and frontin'
It's all good, they from the hood, never had nothin'
They just got they money and everything's sunny
Hear what I'm saying, they preyin', boy, and lookin for bunnies

[MC Lyte:]
Did we floss what we bought
Forgetting that sharing is what we've been taught?
'Cause this here gettin' money is an individual sport
Money can get me in to the same place where years ago
My bros and sisters with black skin
Were confined to the back door and the kitchen

[KRS-One:]
Last verse, where your cash purse
Reach into your wallet, nothin' allotted, that hurts
Breath stinkin' you're thinkin', but can't afford Certs
Need the dollar and baby hollerin' - no work
I don't know how you gonna get the dough
You could become educated, you could become a ho
You could do both, that's like puttin' butter on toast
The bread is the knowledge, butter is what gets you that close

[MC Lyte:]
Money is funny - how a piece of paper can make or break your very existence
Quick as it come, quick as it go - you better know about the ebb and the flow
You get money in droves, trick it on cars and blow
Throw dollars at black queens 'cause, for the dough they'll strip their clothes
And for the right amount of money
A king will pimp his queen into being a ho on a stroll
Life will always be hard when you choose to make money your god

KRS-One Lyrics

"We Dem Teachas"

(feat. Keith Stewart)

[KRS-One:]

Civil rights, abolitionist movement

Civil rights movement... anti-war

[Keith Stewart:]

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas

Always makin that dough, on the hustle

This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up

If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas

Always makin that dough, on the hustle

This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up

If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

[KRS-One:]

I'll never stop talkin 'bout Malcolm X

And I'll never stop talkin 'bout havin safe sex

I'll never stop shoutin out Marcus Garvey or

Kwame Toure or Robert Marley

I'll never ease up on red, black and green

Or teachin what Martin Luther King's dream mean

Self-esteem, self-creation

Make yourself man, you in a wealthy nation!

Forget inflation, you are your own mason

Build yourself, set your foundation

Knowledge Reigns Supreme

That's why when you hear KRS, you know what it means

Stand up~!

[Keith Stewart:]

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas

Always makin that dough, on the hustle

This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up

If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas

Always makin that dough, on the hustle

This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up

If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

[KRS-One:]

Check it; I'll never stop showin the love man

I'll never stop hangin up pictures of Harriet Tubman

I'll always be a learner, like Nat Turner

Spittin out words to take your mind further

Any time you see my face

You seein peace love unity all in this place
When enrollment's down, crime is up
And if you can't hold your ground your time is up
But if you don't know your ground you holdin WHAT?!
Assumptions, when the storm hits you (hits you...)
Straight out of luck, feelin like you crashed your truck
That's when the teacher shows up
Stand up!

[Keith Stewart:]

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

[KRS-One:]

C'mon! Where my scholars at? Y'all can holla back
Knowledge and overstanding, we on top of that
We show you right where the commas and them dollars at
We hangin out where them educated mommas at
Follow that, where my educated poppas at?
We in the street too, movin when it's time to act
We dem teachas, tell me where your mind is at
Fear, doubt, no we do not follow that!
There, courage man, we need to bottle that
Cause all these kids nowadays hear a lot of crap
And they feelin like they gotta follow that
That's why the teacher is bringin the scholar back

[Keith Stewart:]

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Better & Better"

(feat. Pee-Doe)

[KRS-One - Hook]

However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
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However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better

My english grammar gets better

[KRS-One]

History in the making, get with me I'm not faking
Big up all my Jamaicans, Haitians and all my nations
Latinos and my Asians, yeah I know you've been waitin
Feeling you've been forsaken, but I'm building this nation
Building new innovation, look at what we've been facin
Payola on these stations, plus they run like plantations
Complete with black beats sportin soul by caucasians
If you hear me on your station best believe I'm not payin~!
KRS is the realest, KRS-One is fearless
I grew up in them days when crack was new to drug dealers
See them cats they be liars, we the New York survivors
Eighty-one to ninety-one, they was our record buyers
Now they front cause they got work tryin to redo all my work
'til we live and in concert, and I'm makin they eye hurt
Shinin so bright and so lively
Everybody know, hip-hop was better in the nineties

[KRS-One - Hook]

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My english grammar gets better

[Pee-Doe]

It was better in the nineties, the solo was grimey
The Wu-Tang Clan came in with the killer army
Grand Puba came in with Girbauds hangin low
Hilfiger Tommy niggas rockin Polo
40 ounce guzzlin, nickel bag coppin
Troopin through the block with the boom box knockin
All we do is "Spark Mad Ism" non-stop and
When Hot 97 played the real hip-hop and

I remember 98, point 7 KISS FM
With Kool DJ Red Alert, mixin up the blends
Them mixtape deejays had the streets on lock
Like Demo and Ron G, my nigga Doo Wop
Before the radio station corrupted the nation
To rule the street, A&R's discoverin the sensations
KRS came with the peace declaration
Took it with the leaders to the United Nations

[KRS-One - Hook]

However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
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My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Teacha Returns"

Bam Beatz on this one, let's rock out!
Taking you low...

This The Teacha, I do this for life
Plus I'm psychic, but I ain't gon tell you who's doing your wife
 You ain't raw like the coke in your rhyme recital
 You been cut so much, you starting to look suicidal
 You trifle, trifling, you need to stop and listen
 You need to hear 2Pac when he was locked in prison
 Man, for real, I'm expanding
This ain't whiling out, you'll get nicked with two cannons
 Your team's not loyal, you're not harming me son
If I said "Who wanna go on tour?" you'd be an army of one
 What's that shit around your mouth man, cum?!

Face the fact, you lost, we got it, we won
 You better off trying on some lottery run
Then to go against The Teacha, I put the Glock to you dunn
 I be rockin' them drums, all you doing is shoutin'
 What's your address, 69 Brokeback Mountain?!

It seems my skill you doubtin'
 I spit lyrics, I flow like a fountain
Listen, you'll get crushed like a kush going into my blunt
 I take it way back, all you do is front!

Yeah... haha, ha...
Yeah, yeah... KRS!

Spit-tacular, you spit at me, I spit it back at ya
 I'm an emcee, not an actor
 My lyrics won't trap ya, they'll free ya
But rappers still wanna test The Teacha, let 'em have it!
 What you in my face for, in my space for?
 This is what you rappers get smacked in your face for
 Y'all talk about cutting the bass raw
 But you draw the cops, this what you get chased for
 I'm forever above your world in whatever you do
 Rappers, I will level your crew
When I'm through, they won't even be able to TELL if it's you
 I'm an emcee, this tradition goes back to Pebbley Poo
 Man, I speak the truth, I'mma show you what God is
 I heard your CD; from the start, it was GARBAGE!
 Click, click, click, I load the cartridge
Look in the palm of my hand man - THAT'S where your heart is!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Real HipHop"

(feat. Nas)

Aiyyo man, this is the end
And let me tell you somethin man
My man KRS, when I heard Spit-tacular was comin out
 The greatest emcee of all time
I said I couldn't wait, I couldn't believe it
 I couldn't wait to witness it
 The greatest emcee of all time, KRS
And I'm from Queensbridge, you heard?

Let's go~!
I pray for my people that the light do reach you
 Ignorance is lethal, this is why I teach you
 Every boy and girl the wolf wanna eat you
But the wolf is part of the same world that deceives you
 Once you realize that there is no separation
 You'll control the wolf from the center of your creation!
 This that new rap language, or slanguage
Somethin to bang with man, we call it Edutainment man!
 In 1994 DeSean Burke said it
 Do you remember there we laid out the plan?
 To overstand hip-hop you gotta overstand hip-hoppers
 Afrika Bambaataa, they made this man!
And yeah there were others, undocumented sisters and brothers
 That fell to crimes and drugs, it was crazy man!
 But the secret to Edutainment
Is to take hip-hop beyond entertainment, leave baby land!

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
 KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
 That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
 KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
 That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

I manifest it from this hip-hop, adolescent
Now add the essence of S, now you got a weapon
Now pay attention if you listenin and you listen close
We're in position to lyrically hit you where it hurts the most
 My proposition of philosophy spittin was written
The contradiction of the system's that I can not spit this
I can not budge to be a gimmick, I shoved you with lyrics
Then did it consecutive grippin, 'til I figured you'd gain
 They like S come, huh? Meet KRS-One
 Father of hip-hop, you're sorta like his step-son

The way, I get some, I done been it and had some
Rhymes, out of my mind so haters be vexin
I bless them, with a message like a scripture, paintin a picture
The fame insane, screamin my name
Picture the game changed, from that music that we all adventured
But all is not lost, hip-hop, I won't forget ya

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

KRS is after you crash the truck
And your jewels get plucked
And your so-called friends begin lyin again
What? When your life is thin
That's when I come in, KRS
Yeah! Big shout out to my man
M-I-C, Track Dons you did it again
Temple of Hiphop, stand up
Let's go to work

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot
It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop

KRS-One Lyrics

"Watch This!"

(feat. S-Five)

YEAH, YEAH! FEEL THAT~!

I'd like to thank everyone for comin out to the tour

Enjoyin us all throughout Europe

This is exclusive, we don't stop

This is real hip-hop, watch this now!

Straight from the under, the One is my number - watch this

All these newcomers are basically runners - watch this

Bitches and niggas and hoes for them others - watch this

I rhyme for mothers fathers sisters and brothers, my name Kris

The difference is realness, versus the fakeness, let's rock

I am an elder that helped to create this, hip-hop

Now that you know this regain your focus, be reminded

Straight from the Criminal to Spiritual Minded realignment

Movin in faster as you hearin the master, keep up

Don't worry 'bout battles, I'm 18 years past ya, speak up

The K to the R to the S to the One, ease up

I'm glowin like lava, hot as the sun, I don't freeze up

I take you backward rap and after that I'm takin the future

I hang with acrobats and breakin cats and whatever suits ya

Graffiti writers, beatboxin, just like we used ya

Deejays cuttin it up with a boomin speaker

Them days had fewer heaters, today we've got fewer teachers

Like America, hip-hop needs some newer leaders

KRS is the candidate

I understand I state, and overstand we great, rock!

Yeah, it's BDP, 2006, Temple of HipHop

Yeah! We the culture, I swear

Listen, turn me up Alex

Constantly fightin Satan, watchin the moves I'm makin

Tryin to stay positive, look at the world we live

It's hard to get a job, that's why my brothers rob

In every hood same story but with different 40's

You either Blood or Crip, you sellin dubs or nicks

You gotta stand wit'cha man or you plug a chick

Now look what you get, quit tryin to play the part

You got caught up in the game now you in the dark

I'm seein people dyin, so many mothers cryin

That brother say he got your back, but that brother lyin

You need to grab a mirror, and look into it quicker

It ain't all about you man this thing is bigger

Cause everything that you do come back double fold

You ain't on the right track, take another road

Brother you gettin old, you've got to make a change

Cause this thing we call life brother it's not a game

Nah~!

KRS-One Lyrics

"What's Your Plan?"

Yeah
We live this
It gets kinda hard sometimes
Tryin to help those who dissin you at the same time
But this the life of the T'cha
And he's still gon' reach ya
This for the hood, rise up y'all

Why y'all keep shittin on me?
On the internet, cats think they spittin on me
But if you read they shit, they be real corny
For my downfall, they get real horny
All I'm tryin to do is educate the young ones
I got some guns, but we ain't no dum-dums, yo come son
Let me show you the way out
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, we never play out, or fade out
This a lifetime thing, you in darkness, heartless
Complainin about the light I bring?
Well stay there then, I guess you ain't my friend
But remember, hip-hop, it ain't gon' end
And there in the future, we gon' see
Who really was the slave, and who was free
Who sold out the culture, to be on TV
Nah, it won't be me

Rappers wanna stop me pop me drop me lock me lock me top me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Critics wanna hit me get me clip me rip me strip me trip me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Players wanna slap me cap me crap me attack me, out rap me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Others wanna rush me dust me bust me lust me cuss me hush me
But they really up to no good - c'mon, man!

Now some of y'all buggin, cause I am hip-hop
But you are too, you just kyan't get dat
As a man thinketh, so is he
I am hip-hop, and so are we
And so is she, and so is he
I'm the only one teachin, and you wanna diss me
Why? Am I really that important?
Are you so desperate, any life you'll shorten?
Well nah kid - I'ma live on and on
You gonna respect me now, and not when I'm gone
I see how y'all did, JMJ
He paved your way but all you wanna get is your pay
I always be the knowledge giver
Preach you, uneasy, yo take your 30 pieces of silver

And hang yourself, by the end of this verse
But remember, the last shall be first

Rappers wanna stop me pop me drop me lock me lock me top me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Critics wanna hit me get me clip me rip me strip me trip me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Players wanna slap me cap me crap me attack me, out rap me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Others wanna rush me dust me bust me lust me cuss me hush me
But they really up to no good - c'mon, man

Kris loves hip-hop, everybody knows that!
We came out of poverty and we ain't goin back
A 60 cent royalty, don't settle for that
Yo do what you gotta but don't remain in the trap
We all cryin out for leadership
But if the leader steps up and you diss him, what we gon' get?
YOU~?! You ain't even got a better plan
You can't even take hip-hop to a better land
You yourself ain't even a better man
Look who follows you - KRS even got better fans
Sure you get grands, and that's all good
But your video shows that you sold your manhood
So are you really eligible to challenge me?
Especially you writers that never made a CD?
Especially you deejays that get shit for free
You can't play Kane or P.E. - what's your plan?!

KRS-One Lyrics

"All Right"

(feat. Just Blaze)

[KRS-One:]

Gather round, I want to tell y'all a story

See if you can get the meaning

We gonna go real far (all right)

Watch this (God, you alright)

I'm steppin' in this place like it's all right

I got my partners with me, yep we feelin' all right

I got my woman with me, yup she lookin' all right

When it's time to move I'm never left, I'm all right

Well, I met my man "What up Duke?" - "I'm all right"

He said "Listen to this", I said "All right"

He said "This strictly confidential", I said "All right"

He said "Yo, you like this spot?" I said "It's all right"

"You wanna change it?", I said "All right"

"I got a way that we can purchase it in 30 days" - "All right"

"How we gon do that?" He said "All right"

He put a stack of hundreds on the table right there, I said "All right"

30 days later we all right

Limousines, elevators, yo things are lookin' all right

All night everybody feelin' all right

I told my man "I gotta go", he said "All right"

"Let me take your Jeep", he said "All right"

But just as I started the car it got all bright

I started liftin' up, felt my spirit driftin' up

What's goin' on? The Jeep is gone and everything's all white

I heard people sayin' "Is he all right?"

FLOATIN' ABOVE MY BODY I FELT ALL RIGHT

How can I tell 'em, really tell 'em, that I'm all right?

STANDIN' OUTSIDE MY CEREBELLUM I'M ALL RIGHT

THE FOURTH DIMENSION IS ALL RIGHT

THE FIFTH DIMENSION IS SURE RIGHT

THE SIXTH DIMENSION IS ALL LIGHT

LIVIN' AS A SPIRIT IS ALL RIGHT

But then I didn't feel all right

I felt the shock in my chest, it wasn't all right

They revivin' me - all right

I heard a paramedic say to someone "Yep, he gonna be all right"

I'm back alive, people askin' "Are you all right?"

"The Jeep exploded. It's a miracle you all right"

Layin' there on my back, strapped up all night

I smirked and said to myself "God, you all right"

"Ha, you all right"

"Yes, God, you all right"

KRS-One Lyrics

"Don't Get So High (Dancehall Mix)"

Haha, wha' ya call that?
Boogie Down, Boogie Down, Boogie Down, Boogie Down Productions

You ha fe understand your situation
You create your life through your imagination
Anything you think is a manifestation
Of who you are - you're creation!
Can't you understand?
Everytime you think in bad mind
You attract that to you same time!
Listen [?]
Refine, expand your mind
Consciousness go through all space and time!

Look at [?]
We teach the philosophy
Deal with no hypocrisy
The sun is there on top of me
Beaming down that vitamin E
Feelin sick we're not gonna be
Kris in jail you're not gonna see
Take my shots on the [?]

We get you jumpin around
We the number one sound
You want [?]
[?]

I'm flippin' the sound, flippin' the flow
Some say I'm stuck back in '84, I don't know
I don't see no nickel bags, yo
I don't see no Word Up mag, yo
All I see is straight up fags, yo
These rappers they brag, though
Til we in the club, not in they castle
Somewhere in El Paso, Texas
That's when Kris gets reckless
Goes down the checklist
You rappers best respect this
It's better you listen to this metaphysician
While people bling and glisten I seek that higher vision

Don't get so high, til you can't see past your eye
Enjoy yourself but don't die
Listen now, listen now, why why?
Why you want to be like a fly guy?
Don't get so high, til you can't see past your eye
Enjoy yourself but don't die

Tell me now, why you ha fe be such a fly guy?

Temple of HipHop and me
We step in any party - top celebrity
See when we come in a dance we never look for grammy
'Cause that's 'cause we got r-e-s-p-e-c-t
I want just one wife - S-I-m-o-n-e
She said she always want fe marry an Emcee
Travel 'round the world and live a life so free
Then she met me - H-I-p-H-o-p
Started countin' up twenty, thirty, forty G
Started gettin' fresh garments now for free
Dealin' with promoters and countin' the money
Takin' trips to Europe on the Queen Mary

What do you see?
You ha fe direct your chi
You must live your life properly
What do you see?
You have to be what you see
You have got to live your life free
What do you see?
You ha fe direct your chi
You must live your life properly
What do you see?
You have to BE what you see
So you can see yourself living free

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Got You"

Off beat, what you know about it?
All heat, all street, my dough I be about it
I eat all week, I don't need to shout it
I'm legendary, in many books you can read about it

Well I'm back to let you cats know that
I'm not asleep, I heard your mixtape raps
What, you think I'm weak like one of these old school cats?
You better hear me speak before you get holes in your back

Ain't nothing here sweet except your whole damn pack
Why I gotta return? Cause y'all's so damn wack wack
You never will learn. That's why the teacha's back
Now you gon' feel that real golden age rap

Unfolding the gat
This ain't no place for no amateur block rap
Rappin' about your hammer is cocked back
That means you fuckin' with a six-shooter
And we got big guns that can stop that

All you hear is klug-clack-klug, klug-clack-klug
And you and your man y'all fall backward
Y'all ain't nothin' but actors, bitin' like Dracula
Kris spit spitacular

[Chorus: x2]
To my block - I got you
From the bottom to the top - I got you
When you need that raw HipHop - I got you
I mean that '94 HipHop - I got you
If you ain't got nowhere to go - I got you
VIP passes to my show - I got you
Come to my crib, let's take it slow - I got you
Never forget, you gotta know that - I got you

You listenin' to the depth of the heat
I'm omni-hood, that means I rep' every street
When I come around cats get up and eat
On the mic I won't let up 'til the end of the beat

I stay tight when I recite and sendin' you heat
Let's compare, what's your agenda this week?
Me? I be chillin' out in sacred buildings with my children
Free as a fly on the ceiling

[Chorus x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"All My Love"

(feat. Carlet Boseman)

[KRS-One:]

Call me old-school, but
It's all about love (yeah)
If you ain't doin' this for the love
What you doin' it for?
(Let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go)

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]

I do it for the (love, baby)
All in the streets we get (love, baby)
Beats like this we just (love, baby)
KRS-One be driving them thugs crazy

I'm not Johnny-come-lately on your station
I takes it back to Zulu Nation
You see what HipHop is facing
How can we sit back and be so complacent?

[Chorus: x2]

I'm giving you...
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) You feel it
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]
When I'm on tour I spread (love, baby)
The greatest law is (love, baby)
For sure, sex is not (love, baby)
Love is love, have you had a hug lately?

I ain't waitin' for the system to save me
I'm standing up, using what God gave me
Old-school, Kris is no fool
How we gonna organize with no tools?

Man, we gotta do it for the (love, baby)
Respect and more (love, baby)
Less checks and get more (love, baby)
K-R-S One!

[Chorus x2]

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]

Put down the gun and show (love, baby)
We ain't never gonna grow without (love, baby)
HipHop started with (love, baby)

Not shooting your man with a slug like Janie [?]

We hangin' out up north with Slim Shady
We hangin' out down south with Lil' Wayne
East coast raised me, west coast pays me
This is HipHop, them critics don't phase me

KRS, I know it sounds crazy, but I do this for the (love, baby)
My motivation is (love, baby)
And yes I'm building this HipHop Nation with

[Chorus: x2]
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) You feel it

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]
This last verse goes out with (love, baby)
Thanks for the years and that (love, baby)
KRS-One gets (love, baby)
Duane "Da Rock" this beat is crazy!

[Chorus: x2]
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) You feel it

Boogie Down (love, baby)
Productions (love, baby)
(love, baby)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Wachanoabout"

We gonna take it to the back of your brain (tell 'em!)
We put it on the side of a train (tell 'em!)
We gonna make it so simple and plain
Revolutionary people, yo this ain't a game! (tell 'em!)

How many y'all really ready for change? (tell 'em!)
Or do you really want to keep it the same? (tell 'em!)
Edutainment - this the reason I came
If you down for the struggle, yo remember these names

Kwame Toure (Whachanoabout)
Martin Luther King (Whachanoabout)
Malcolm X (Whachanoabout)
Medgar Evers (Whachanoabout)

If you really want to change the game
Take a little time and study these names

Frederick Douglass (Whachanoabout)
Booker T. Washington (Whachanoabout)

If you want injustice to end
Take a little time and study these men

Marcus Garvey (Whachanoabout)
Nat Turner (Whachanoabout)

Let me tell you about the struggle my friend (tell 'em!)
We want freedom, I'm a say it again (tell 'em!)
We want freedom, not more money to spend (tell 'em!)
You got to listen to this message I send, come on!

Let me talk to you a little bit more
Our ancestors, tell me, what you dissin' 'em for?
Break the cylce of first I like, then I don't like
You raise and praise me up to tear me down like Michael?
KRS loves his people
I walk with my people, not above my people
Teach my people, I try to reach my people
With real truth, evidence and real proof

Thurgood Marshall (Whachanoabout)
W.E.B. DuBois (Whachanoabout)
Carter G. Woodson (Whachanoabout)
Nelson Mandela (Whachanoabout)

If you really want to change the game
Take a little time and study these names

Elijah Muhammad (Whachanoabout)
Noble Drew Ali (Whachanoabout)

If you want injustice to end
Take a little time, man, study these men

Kwame Nkrumah (Whachanoabout)
Sékou Touré (Whachanoabout)

We gonna take it to the back of your brain (tell 'em!)
We put it on the side of a train (tell 'em!)
We gonna make it so simple and plain
Revolutionary people, yo this ain't a game! (tell 'em!)

How many y'all really ready for change? (tell 'em!)
Or do you really want to keep it the same? (tell 'em!)
Edutainment - this the reason I came
If you down for the struggle, just remember these names
Remember these names, remember these names, remember these names! Rock!

"Africans in America burned down over 290 cities in the '60's to get 289 powerless mayors in the '80's"

What you really want to debate me for?
What you hate me for? What you take me for?
Always sayin' "Amen" and "As-Salamu 'Alaykum" for
If I can't speak my mind, even if it may be raw
New ideas is what they pay me for, but here's an old one
The Feds[?] are gonna save us, sure
Since '89 I be coming again, with peace, love, and unity
Remember these men

Kwame Toure (Whachanoabout)
Martin Luther King (Whachanoabout)
Malcolm X (Whachanoabout)
Medgar Evers (Whachanoabout)
Frederick Douglass (Whachanoabout)
Booker T. Washington (Whachanoabout)
Marcus Garvey (Whachanoabout)
Nat Turner (Whachanoabout)

If you really want to change the game
Take a little time and study these names

If you want injustice to end
Take a little time and study these men